

S O L O M O N,

A

S E R E N A T A:

By Mr. *M O O R E.*

Set to M U S I C K

By Mr. *B O R C E.*



L O N D O N:

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S O L O M O N,

A

S E R E N A D E.



P A R T I.

C H O R U S.

Behold, Jerusalem, thy King,
 Whose Praises all the Nations sing !
 To Solomon the Lord has given
 All Arts and Wisdom under Heaven :
 For him the tuneful virgin Throng
 Of Zion's Daughter, swell the Song :
 While Young and Old their Voices raise,
 And wake the Echoes with his Praise.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SHE. From the Mountains, lo ! he comes,
 Breathing from his Lips Perfumes ;
 While Zephyrs on his Garments play,
 And Sweets thro' all the Air convey.

A 2

A I R.

A I R.

*Tell me, lovely Shepherd, where
Thou feed'st at Noon thy fleecy Care :
Direct me to the sweet Retreat,
That guards thee from the mid-day Heat,
Lest by the Flocks I lonely stray
Without a Guide, and lose my Way :
Where rest at Noon, thy bleating Care,
Gentle Shepherd, tell me where ?*

A I R.

*HE. Fairest of the virgin Throng,
Dost thou seek thy Swain's Abode ?
See yon fertile Vale along
The new-worne Path the Flocks have trod ;
Pursue the Prints their Feet have made,
And they shall guide thee to the Shade.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*SHE. As the rich Apple, on whose Boughs
Ripe Fruit with streaky Beauty glows,
Excels the Trees that shade the Grove,
So shines, among his Sex, my Love.*

A I R.

*Beneath his ample Shade I lay
Descended from the sultry Day ;
His cooling Fruit my Thirst assuag'd,
And quench'd the Fires that in me rag'd ;
'Till sated with the luscious Taste,
I rose and blest the sweet Repast,*

R E C I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HE. Who quits the Lilly's fleecy White,
 To fix on meaner Flowers the Sight ?
 Or leaves the Rose's Stem untorn,
 To crop the Blossom from the Thorn.
 Unrival'd thus thy Beauties are ;
 So shines my Love among the Fair.

A I R.

*Balmy Sweetness ever flowing,
 From her dropping Lip distils ;
 Flowers on her Cheeks are blowing,
 And her Voice with Music thrills,*

2.

*Zephyrs o'er the Spices flying,
 Wafting Sweet from every Tree ;
 Sick'ning Sense with Odours cloying,
 Breathe not half so sweet as she.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

SHE. Let not my Prince his Slave despise,
 Or pass me with unheeding Eyes,
 Because the Sun's discolouring Rays
 Have chas'd the Lilly from my Face.
 My envious Sisters saw my Bloom,
 And drove me from my Mother's Home ;
 Unshelter'd all the scorching Day
 They made me in their Vineyard stay.

A I R.

*Ab spare me ! my own, more dear ;
 My own, alas ! was not my Care :*

Invading,

*Invading Love the Fences broke,
And tore the Clusters from the Stock;
With eager Grasp the Fruit destroy'd,
Nor rested till the Ravage cloy'd.*

A I R.

*HE. Fair and comely is my Love,
And softer than the blue-ey'd Dove;
Down her Neck the wanton Locks
Bound like the Kids on Gilead's Rocks;
Her Teeth like Flocks in Beauty seem,
New shorn, and dropping from the Stream;
Her glowing Lips by far out-vie,
The plaited Threads of Scarlet Dye;
When'er she speaks the Accents wound,
And Musick floats upon the Sound.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*SHE. Forbear, O charming Swain, forbear
Thy Voice enchants my listening Ear;
And while I gaze my Bosom glows;
My fluttering Heart with Love o'erflows;
The Shades of Night hang o'er my Eyes,
And every Sense within me dies.*

A I R.

*O fill with cooling Juice the Bowl:
Assuage the Fever in my Soul!
With copious Draughts my Thirst remove,
And sooth the Heart that's sick of Love.*

P A R T II.

RECITATIVE.

HE. The chearful Spring begins To-day ;
Arise, my fair One, come away.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Sweet Music steals along the Air—
Hark ! —my Beloved's Voice I hear !

A I R.

HE. *Arise, my fair, and come away,
The chearful Spring begins To-day :
Bleak Winter's gone with all her Train
Of chilling Frosts, and dropping Rain :
Amidst the Verdure of the Mead
The Primrose lifts her Velvet Head :
The warbling Birds the Woods among,
Salute the Season with a Song :
The cooing Turtle in the Grove
Renews his tender Tale of Love ;
The Vines their infant Tendrils shoot :
The Fig-tree buds with early Fruit :
All welcome in the genial Ray :
Arise, my Fair, and come away.*

CHORUS.

*All welcome in the genial Ray,
Arise, O fair One ! come away.*

DUET.

D U E T.

*Together let us range the Fields,
Impearled with the Morning Dew;
Or view the Fruits the Vineyard yields,
Or the Apples clustering Bough:*

2.

*There in close embower'd Shades,
Impervious to the Noon-tide Ray,
By tinkling Rills on rosy Beds,
We'll love the sultry Hours away.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

HE. How lovely art thou to the Sight,
For Pleasure form'd, and sweet Delight!
Tall as the Palm-Tree is thy Shape,
Thy Breasts are like the clustering Grape.

A I R.

*Let me, (Love) thy Bole ascending,
On the swelling Clusters feed:
With my Grasp the Vine-tree bending,
In my close Embrace shall bleed.*

2.

*Stay me with delicious Kisses,
From thy Honey-dropping Mouth;
Sweeter than the Summer Breezes,
Blowing from the genial South.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

SHE. O that a Sister's specious Name
Conceal'd from prying Eyes my Flame:

Uncensur'd

(9)

Uncensur'd then I'd own my Love,
And chastest Virgins shou'd approve :
Then fearless to my Mother's Bed
My seeming Brother would I lead :
Soft Transports should the Hours employ,
And the Deceit should crown the Joy.

A I R.

*Soft I adjure you, by the Fawns,
That bound across the flow'ry Lawns,
Ye Virgins, that ye lightly move,
Nor with your Whispers wake my Love.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

HE. My Fair's a Garden of Delight,
Enclos'd, and hid from vulgar Sight :
Where Streams from bubbling Fountains stray,
And Flowers enrich the verdant Way.

A I R.

*Softly rise, O Southern Breeze !
And kindly fan the blooming Trees ;
Upon my spicy Garden blow,
That Sweets from every Part may flow.*

C H O R U S.

*Ye Southern Breezes gently blow,
That Sweets from every Part may flow.*



* P A R T III.

A I R.

HE. *Arise, my Fair, the Doors unfold,
Receive me, shivering with the Cold.*

RECITATIVE.

SHE. *My Heart amidst my Slumber wakes,
And tells me my Beloved speaks.*

A I R.

HE. *Arise, my Fair, the Doors unfold,
Receive me, shivering with the Cold:
The Chill-drops hang upon my Head,
And Night's cold Dews my Cheeks o'erspread;
Receive me dropping to thy Breast,
And lull me in thy Arms to rest.*

RECITATIVE.

SHE. *Obedient to thy Voice I hie;
The willing Doors wide open fly.*

A I R.

*Ab! whither, whither art thou gone?
Where is my lovely Wanderer flown?
Ye blooming Virgins, as you rove
If chance you meet my straying Love,*

* N. B. *The Musical Composer has thrown the two last Parts
into one.*

(11)

*I charge you tell him how I mourn,
And pant, and die for his Return.*

CHORUS of Virgins.

*Who is thy Love, O charming Maid?
That from thy Arms so late has stray'd?
Say what distinguish'd Charms adorn,
And finish out his radiant Form?*

A I R.

*SHE. On his Face the vernal Rose,
Blended with the Lilly glows;
His Rocks are as the Raven black,
In Ringlets waving down his Back.
His Eyes with milder Beauties beam,
Than billing Doves beside the Stream;
His youthful Cheeks are Beds of Flowers,
Enripen'd by refreshing Showers;
His Lips are of the Rose's Hue,
Dropping with a fragrant Dew,
Tall as the Cedar he appears,
And as erect his Form he bears:
This, O ye Virgins, is the Swain
Whose Absence causes all my Pain.*

RECITATIVE.

*HE. Sweet Nymph, whom ruddier Charms adorn,
Than open with the rosy Morn;
Fair as the Moon's unclouded Light,
And as the Sun in Splendor bright;
Thy Beauties dazzle from a-far,
Like glittering Arms that gild the War.*

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O take me ! stamp me on thy Breast !
Deep let the Image be imprest ;
For Love like armed Death is strong,
Rudely he drags his Slaves along :
If once to Jealousy he turns,
With never-dying Rage he burns.

D U E T.

*Thou soft Invader of the Soul !
O Love, who shall thy Power controul !
To quench thy Fires whole Rivers drain,
Thy burning Heat shall still remain.
In vain we trace the Globe to try,
If powerful Gold thy Joys can buy :
The Treasures of the World will prove
Too poor a Bribe to purchase Love.*

C H O R U S.

*In vain we trace the Globe to try,
If powerful Gold thy Joys can buy :
The Treasures of the World will prove
Too poor a Bribe to purchase Love.*



The E N D.

